

THIS LABOR WAR CAUSELESS.

FACTS ABOUT THE MINERS' UNION CAMPAIGN IN KENTUCKY.

It is Trying to Force a Strike Among Contented and Prosperous Men—Unusual Treatment From Their Employers Which Makes the Hopkins County Miners Loyal to the Company Now—Aid in Building Homes, in Saving Money and in Their Social Life—Violence of the Labor Agitators Falls to Affect Them.

EARLINGTON, Ky., Nov. 30.—In order to get a just appreciation of the state of affairs which exists here in the Hopkins county coal region, it must be understood at the very outset that there is no strike whatever among the coal miners and that there has been no strike or semblance of strike.

Over eighteen months ago when the United States Mine Workers began the attack upon the district which finally culminated in the anarchy and reign of terror of the past four months, there were 2,000 miners peacefully working in the coal mines here. At the present moment, in spite of all the dynamiting, midnight murder and assassination, there still are 2,000 and probably more than 2,000 men at work just where they were when the campaign against them began.

Perhaps, all told, 200 men have been coaxed or bulldozed into joining the union, as indicated by the outlaws which has been conducted under the union's auspices for now the better part of two years that they have fled the county.

That is one thing to keep constantly in mind in any consideration of the possible all but inconceivable conditions which have so long existed here. Many of the newspaper dispatches refer to the "strikes" and speak of the "hunger" and "other deed of lawlessness done by the strikers." It is not the term for your mind. There are no strikers.

Deeds of lawlessness there are; atrocities continued and almost beyond belief in their wantonness there are. But they are not done by strikers.

They are done by an invading army of thugs recruited in other States, organized and armed with the best and deadliest of modern firearms and sent into this State and country by Mr. Mitchell's United Mine Workers' Union for the purpose of driving thirty and contented men from labor at which industry has never been employed for a generation to drive these peaceable law-abiding citizens off by sheer force of terror, or, if necessary to shoot them, their wives and their children down in cold blood.

All this kind of devilry has been going on for months, until now it is in its most courageous men in all walks of life—men of the highest professional and commercial standing in the community, who happen to be in the coal region, and who are in command of Mr. Mitchell's United Mine cohorts of anarchy.

It is a condition of savagery here in Kentucky such as Daniel Boone encountered when every log house was a fortress and when skulking Indians lurked on every side, and looking for a chance to assassinate from ambush.

This illustration is cited, let it be said in all apologetic haste, not in any way to minimize the enormity of the crime, but only to put in perspective the magnitude of the crime.

MR. ATKINSON'S WAY.

With every year of their increasing prosperity and security, the relations between the miners and the coal company has grown stronger. As for Mr. Atkinson, the attitude of the men toward him is one of devoted personal affection and respect.

It is not a theory with them, this matter of Mr. Atkinson's sincere interest in their welfare, it is a demonstrated fact—demonstrated by the fact that he has had an uninterrupted experience with his liberality and fairness. They come to him with all their personal troubles, knowing that all things they can have free access to him and a kindly hearing and that if there is justice in their request or if their troubles are genuine he will act.

The first thing you hear of J. B. Atkinson is that his supply of "sand" is practically without a limit. He is a fighter from away back.

Time again he has said, and he still continues to say, to the flabby and vacillating State and county authorities that if they would give him the authority to be a lawbreaker, he would be a lawbreaker.

There is no namby-pamby sentiment in the instructions which go out to the guards who maintain the fortification of the mine. They are told to shoot and to shoot to kill, and the weapons that are put into their hands are weapons of the highest quality.

This fact is well known to the invaders and the knowledge is the one thing that has made them shudder. "J. B." as all his employees affectionately call him, is pure grit all the way through and that his fighting blood is boiling in him.

Many of the men have their accounts run on their credits accumulating on the company's books until hundreds of them have sums to the good side of their account ranging in amount from \$50 to \$100. They simply prefer to let the company take care of their money instead of taking care of it themselves, with the attendant risk of their losing it.

Originally it was the plan to pay interest on the deposits, but this, after being done for a time, was found to be in conflict with the State Bank laws.

Another way Mr. Atkinson has devised for inducing the men to save their earnings is in encouraging them to buy their own homes. He has built a number of small houses, paying for the same in such small installments as he chooses.

There are hundreds of these and of their kind in the neighborhood of the mine. They are all the work of Mr. Atkinson's generosity.

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WON AGAINST ROCKEFELLER.

THE INNKEEPER WHO DEFIED THE STANDARD OIL MAN.

Contest Started by Melin's Refusal to Sell Some Land—The Matter Fought to a Finish at the Poles—Having Won, Mr. Melin Is Disposed to Let Mr. Rockefeller Have His Way.

On a small piece of sloping ground, fronting on the Sleepy Hollow road, stands an one-story frame building, which a sign designates as "John Melin's Inn."

Just around the turn of one of these roads begins the front lawn of one of Melin's neighbors. Indeed, if the house were situated like this, only the width of the Sleepy Hollow road would separate them.

It is impossible to see Melin's little inn from the front porch, window or cupola of the palace of the Pocatello Hills, and his next door neighbor, John D. Rockefeller, are not neighbors—but it is.

The man's whole personality breathes forth personal independence combined with tolerant charity for others. One can see that his fifty-five years have mellowed instead of hardened him.

He would rather be friendly with the world than quarrel with any one, but there is that in the square jaw and heavy-set eyes that tell of grim persistence to be apprehended, once he is in a quarrel.

But the millionaire didn't go to the innkeeper with any proposition. He sent an agent. The agent made an offer. Melin refused it. He made a better offer. Melin refused that. He went away. There was one more offer. Melin made a still better offer. Melin questioned him shrewdly as to whom he was acting for.

The agents reported back to Mr. Rockefeller and it is a fair guess that he was surprised to learn that Melin's offer was accepted. He had been told that Melin was a man who would not be bought.

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LUCK PIECES AGAIN IN FAVOR.

THE HOBBY OF COLLECTING CHARMS AND AMULETS.

Antique and Wield Little Carvings of Rare Material Are the Ones Most Sought After—The New Mania the Outgrowth Both of Taste and Superstition.

In this day of trolley cars and automobiles, it is small wonder that the public has once more gone over to charms and amulets. The four-leaf clover and the left hind foot of a graveyard rabbit tried to stem the tide of accident that was too great.

Spell workers of greater antiquity, of broader experience, were needed. Isis and Horus, Krishna the Preserver, the seven household gods of China and Japan, were all called into counsel and their emblems now hang from my lady's chain, or in a singly in her purse, or in any lady's pocket.

For a time the tiny beads and beads and other charms against evil influences were made only in gold and silver; and now, the fashionable woman is usually owner of a collection of the small masses. Anything from a yak to a guinea pig may be bought in minute gold or silver presentation; but the real lucky charms are meta-estetic and suggestive than the shining little golden animals that are bought in accordance with one's natural history.

The woman of means is now collecting her lucky animals in jade, chalcedony, lapis lazuli, agate, amber, crystal, coral and a host of semi-precious stones whose names sound like a paragraph from the Book of Revelations. One or two of the New York jewelry houses which cater to the very latest fads, and as a matter of fact, offer these fads, have been collecting collections of these new "luck pieces" which are really the old luck pieces.

Many of the little charms are carved in China, Japan, India, Egypt. More are carved here at home, after Oriental models, and in accordance with Oriental superstitions. Jade in all its shades, from the dark green of the Russian jade to the apple green and milky white of Chinese jade, is a prime favorite among luck stones.

It has succeeded and powerful preservative qualities in itself, and when carved in the form of the sacred animals, fruit or symbols is warranted to save its possessor's bills within the year. There are marvellously wrought half-inch figures of Buddha in jade, miniature lute blossoms, elephants, cocks, cats, monkeys. The sacred cow of the Brahmins appears gayly decked in stones of many colors and with it come a long procession of Hindu animals and deities. The Egyptian scarab is as plentiful as the locust of Pharaoh's time and the sacred crocodile, the bull Apis, the hawk, are represented carved from Egyptian stones. There are even mummies, too, in their stone cases, fitted for a memento mori and other than a safeguard for a frivolous owner.

Quails, lizards, frogs, rabbits, dogs, pigs, birds of all kinds, animals sacred and animals profane are among the luck pieces. The corals are, according to Italian tradition, an infallible charm against the evil eye, so coral charms, very in popularity with those more oriental in character. Madame Réjane, the famous French actress, is never without her bunch of coral charms; but with consistency deliciously feminine she has them attached to the opal chains which, in spite of the protests of superstitious friends, she wears constantly.

My corals, she says, are worn on her ear charms, are for the evil eye. I wear them to annoy my opals. Another French actress wears a bunch of charms, which she values highly and which, although merely in gold, represent more money than many more pretentious. She is a great lover of animals and has a number of pets to which she is devoted.

On one time or another almost all of these favorite charms have been immortalized in bronze by famous sculptors. When the fad for animal charms came in the actress conceived the idea of having miniature copies from her collection of statuettes, and now she carries, on long chains of cabochon stones, tiny golden portraits of her pets, past and present.

"If one could but do as much for one's lovers," she says, with a sigh, "but there are no provisions for me. I find the best charming, but the men of my profession they object. It's a pity, isn't it?"

Ivory charms rival even jade and coral in the affections of collectors and many women, who do not care to wear a miniature menagerie, are enthusiastically collecting ivory bonnets of every kind. The Japanese scarab, the Egyptian scarab, the little figures, which were part of the workmanship and design, and one New York woman has in a cabinet miniature, ready for the purpose, an ivory scarab in pairs, which she wears on her fingers. She is a great lover of animals and has a number of pets to which she is devoted.

These are the broad lines on which Mr. Atkinson has worked. To go into the details of his benevolence, to tell all the story of his personal generosity and the unending interest and sympathy in the aspirations of the nearly fourteen hundred men and their families, whose destinies have been lifted to a higher plane by his aid, would take too long to do. It is enough to say that he has made a chronological table of acts of kindness and free-handed liberality that would fill pages of this paper.

A very large proportion of them have pianos, and upright pianos of a good make are supplied at least with an organ, while sewing machines are practically universal. A better class, more comfortable and intelligent, more women are being turned out to the churches and Sunday schools than on a Sunday cannot be found in any working community in the entire United States.

The absurd yellow yarns about the squander in the anthracite regions of Pennsylvania which were printed so lavishly at the time of the strike, and which were made up of a year ago were made sufficiently ridiculous by the presentation of the actual facts, which are before the public.

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